THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(*Continued from page* 325.)

LETTER LVI.

MR. SENEBIER asserts, that his native city was at a very early period, distinguished for the superiour information of its inhabitants, that the Roman inscriptions which remain legible are of the best Latinity, and that although in times of Paganism, the neighbourhood of so large a lake, rendered it decent to have an altar consecrated to Neptune, for the comfort of mariners and fishermen, yet the patron deity was no other than Apollo, the god of Science. The darkness of the middle ages seems really to have been less profound at Geneva, than in the neighbourhood, and a great many anecdotes have been treasured up, of the resistance opposed to the selfish attempts of several religious communities, and of false miracles, which were detected and exposed. The arts appear too, to have flourished at Geneva, at a very early period, and there is now a picture at the library, which has found its way there from some distant country, and which was done by a Genevois in the year 1415. It has considerable merit for that age, and this additional charm, in the opinion of every good Genevois, that the artist, though full of zeal to do justice to his subject, which was the marvellous draught of fishes, has most patriotically placed the scene of it in the lake of Geneva.

Several of the earlier Bishops were pious and enlightened men, and schools had been established for the instruction of youth, but there were neither good libraries nor learned professours, and there existed a depravity of manners,

which I have never heard accounted for.

The reformation came at length, and Calvin, who was the apostle of learning, as well as of religion, and of good morals, exerted himself in a way which does honour to his memory, and should, in some measure, contribute to make us forgive him for the death of Servet.

A college was erected in 1558: it was liberally endowed with estates, which had once been the property of the church, and has flourished ever since. You will see a very good account of it in Keate's view of Geneva. Every burgeois, or citizen, of Geneva, sends his sons there free of every expense, and they are removed at a proper age, and after undergoing an examination, for the purpose, to the auditory, where they attend lectures, given by different professours, on Belles Lettres, on all the various branches of the Mathematicks, on Moral Philosophy, on Law, and on Divinity, according to the profession they are intended for. The discipline of the college, though mild, is strict. The prizes obtained in the various classes, are conferred with every circumstance, which can give them additional importance, and no manual correction is allowed. In the auditory, the learner is more upon the footing of a student in a university: but no prizes are bestowed, nor is there any publick examination; a yearly one takes place in presence of all the professours assembled. The effects of this system of education, and upon so liberal a footing, are such as I have already described.

There is nowhere a greater diffusion of knowledge than in Geneva. Dr. Johnson, perhaps, might have compared it to bread in a besieged town, of which every man has a little, and no man enough: but I by no means felt myself qualified to make such a remark, though I have sometimes suspected that there are subjects to which it might be applied. I never knew a Genevois, not a learned man by profession, who appeared to me as well versed in history as I could have expected from his other acquirements, or who was in the custom of having any of the Roman classicks among the books upon his chimney-piece, or most within his reach upon the shelves of his library. Madame de Stael pretends that they have more science than literature, and minds rather turned to Algebra and Metaphysicks than to History and to Poetry. There is, however, no want among them, I believe, of the lighter sorts of French Belles Lettres, and there are few who have not some knowledge of English and Italian. If you add to this as accurate information as can well be had of all political events, a keen and exact knowledge of the banking science, an acquaintance with agriculture, a great desire to please, blended with a desire to shine, too great, perhaps, at times, but never offensive, you will form a very just idea of their conversation. They are certainly the best calculators in Europe, and being in the habit of appealing frequently to the accuracy of numbers, it has been pretended, but how truly I will not pretend to say, that they regulate all the important affairs of life, by Subtraction and the Rule of Three, and by a methodical arrangement, upon paper, of various arguments under different heads: it might be better for us all if we did so too, but there are subjects, one would think, which would bid defiance to

all the logick and all the arithmetick in the world. La Harpe, however, who, like many other Frenchmen, affects to be witty at the expense of Geneva, tells a story of a Genevois, who having mislaid the paper on which he had drawn up his arguments against matrimony, went so far as to propose marriage to a young lady whom he had long admired, as much as so learned a geometrician could admire anything but a problem; his offers were accepted, and everything was going gravely on, and as expeditiously as they can do, in this sober country, when the lover, having found the paper, on which the arguments were drawn up against marriage, was so struck with their force as to offer a large sum of money, rather than proceed in the business.

A connexion by marriage is here, as perhaps it ought always to be, a matter regulated between the parents and friends on both sides, and I have heard a very pretty girl, who was asked if it were true that she was going to be married, answer very gravely, that she had heard nothing of it, but would inquire of her mamma, as soon as she returned home.

An old acquaintance of mine carried his fluctuation upon this important subject very far indeed. It occurred to him as he was handing his bride out of church, that they had been doing a very foolish thing, and he told her so; and what is very singular, she had the good humour to be of his opinion, so they parted friends for the day, contrived, after an amicable suit for incompatibility of humour, to be divorced, shortly after, and have ever since lived in habits of great mutual respect and friendship.

The talent of preaching is very much cultivated in Geneva, and in some instances with great success, the minister reciting his sermon, with scarcely even the assistance of notes, it certainly adds charms to eloquence, and gives force to what the preacher says, when he addresses his audience, as from conviction and sentiment, and not in poring over a book, as is customary in the church of England. The mode of preaching without book, is, however, productive of some defects; it gives rise to a great deal of tautology, and declamation is frequently substituted for argument.

There are some much admired preachers, and several volumes of printed sermons, every way worthy of being compared to Blair's, but no writer of eminence, on subjects of Theology, has appeared since Mr. Vernet, and it is best, perhaps, that the human mind should be left in repose on subjects which can never be comprehended.

No writer either has succeeded Burlamaqui on Natural Law, nor has anything appeared on the Law of Nations, of which the science is indeed, by the late events of Europe, rendered little better than a name. There have been some political effusions, which have found their way into print, but nothing of the sort which is very likely to be transmitted to posterity, nor any play or novel, that I know of. Political pamphlets grew out of the ancient government, but the present admits of no such productions. In history, Geneva still possesses Berenger, who has published the best translation of Busching, and the annals of his own country, and Mallet long distinguished for his history of Denmark: the voluminous

work of my friend Muller has furnished him the materials of a history of Switzerland, which he has written with the boldness of a patriot, and with a certain graceful negligence of style, and his green and vigorous old age has lately given us a history of the Hanseatick towns. A new historian, too, has sprung up in the person of Mr. Picot, and if he continues as he has begun, he will do honour to his country.

(Letter to be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

CRITICISM.

Ode on Spring. *Gray.*

Dr. Johnson's critique on the Ode to Spring, which is exceedingly brief, derives its principal importance from a point of general criticism involved, and may be remarked for having drawn down a philippick of peculiar vehemence from Mr. Wakefield:—'His Ode on Spring has something poetical, both in the language, and the thought; but the language is too luxuriant, and the thoughts have nothing new. There has of late arisen a practice of giving to adjectives, derived from substantives, the termination of participles; such as, the *cultured* plain, the *daisied* bank; but I was sorry to see in the lines of a scholar, like Gray, the *honied* Spring. The morality is natural, but too stale, the conclusion is pretty.

'In direct opposition to the malicious suggestions of arrogant and tasteless criticism,' begins Mr. Wakefield, 'I make no scruple to pronounce this Ode on Spring, by far the choicest specimen of classical composition, that modern times can produce. It is, indeed, an epitome of everything beautiful upon this subject; a collection of sweets from the blossoms of poetry, in the extensive garden of the Muses. The versification is highly correct and sweetly musical. The language glows with all the warmth and beauty of the season, which it paints, and the sentiments are at once unaffected, instructive, and sublime. In short, the first excellencies of poetry are united in this little Ode, which has this criterion of merit, in common with the other poems of Mr. Gray, that the more it is contemplated, it will please the more; and will rise in beauty, in proportion to our acquaintance with the best models of antiquity.'

Lo, where the rosy-bosomed Hours
(Fair Venus' train) appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flow'rs,
And wake the purple year!

The Attick warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of Spring:
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky,
Their gathered fragrance fling:

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beach
O'ercanopies the glade;
Beside some water's rushy brink,
With me, the Muse shall sit and think
(At ease reclined in rustick state)
How low, how little, are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of care;
The panting herds repose;
Yet hark! how through the peopled air,
The busy, murm'ring lows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied Spring,
And float amid the liquid noon;
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily-gilded trim,
Quick glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye,
Such is the life of man!
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began;
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours drest;
Brushed by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chilled by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest!

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply,
Poor moralist, and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display;
On hasty wings thy youth is flown,
Thy sun is set, thy Spring is gone;
We flutter while 'tis May.

1. *The rosy-bosomed hours.* On this and other passages, we subjoin the remarks of Mr. Wakefield:

> The *rosy-bosomed* Spring
> To weeping Fancy pines.
> *Thomson's Spring*, v. 1007.

'But there is a particular allusion to a passage, in Milton's *Comus*, in my judgment the most beautiful and perfect poem of that sublime genius:

> Along the crisped shades and bowers
> Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;
> The Graces and the *rosy-bosomed* Hours
> Thither all their bounties bring;
>
> There eternal Summer dwells,
> And *West Winds*, with musky *wing*,
> About the cedar'n alleys *fling*
> Nard and Cassia's *balmy smells*.
> Ver. 984.

'It is observable, that the epithet *rosy-bosomed*, is employed by these poets with unusual latitude to signify *with bosoms full of roses;* very differently from the "*rododaktulos Eos*," of Homer, and the *rosy-fingered morn* of Milton.

'Poetry has made the *Rose* a constant attendant on the *Spring*.

Vere rosam fundi. LUCRET. *Primus vere rosam.* VIRG. And Thomson thus charmingly introduces his finest poem:

> Come gentle Spring! ethereal mildness come;
> And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
> While musick wakes around, veiled in a shower
> Of shadowing *roses*, on our plains descend.

'This application of the Hours, the "*orai*" of the Greeks, is conceived in the genuine spirit of ancient poetry. Nomus has two verses worth quoting, on this occasion:

> With *rosy-blooming* face the Hours appear,
> The daughters of the tempest-footed year.

'A fine fragment of Pindar, preserved by Dionysius Halicarnassiensis, *De Struct. Orat.*, could not escape the excursive eye of our judicious poet:

> When the gay *Hours* unfold their stores,
> The poet's curious eye explores,
> Where, listening to the breath of *Spring*,
> The nectared flowers their *fragrance* fling.

2. *Fair Venus' laughing train.*

'Venus is here employed in conformity to the mythology of the Greeks, as the source of *creation* and *beauty*, as the principle that pervades and invigorates *universal nature;* and with peculiar propriety on this occasion, because a *new creation*, as it were, takes place with the commencement of the Spring, after the languor and inactivity of Winter. The elegance of Mr. Gray's taste, and the accuracy of his learning are conspicuous at all times.

Æschylus introduces Venus thus, displaying her own dignity and importance:

> The heaven-enamoured reigns upon the earth,
> The earth with joy the fertile boon receives,
> Impregnated and teeming forth in flowers,
> In corn, and fruits, and trees, and living things:
> I, Venus, of this produce am the cause.

Venus is styled, the *universal cause*, inasmuch as her energy is visible, even in the heavens, the earth, and the sea. *Phornut. de Nat. Deor.*

The same idea is briefly and elegantly expressed by Euripides, in his Hippolytus:

> Venus, the source of all created things,
> Pervades the air, and fills the vast abyss.

'But these sentiments are exhibited with considerable variety, and ennobled with all the grandeur and embellishments of poetry, by the sublime Lucretius, in the exordium to his admirable poem on *The Nature of Things;* in which there are many passages, in spite of the obscurity and untowardness of his subject, that claim a rank among the noblest effusions of poetical inspiration. An edition of the poetical parts of his work, unincumbered by his *philosoyhy* and *metaphysicks*, would be a useful work, and I have sometimes entertained thoughts of presenting it to the publick.'

3. *Call forth the long-expecting flowers.*

In that soft season when descending showers
Call forth the greens, and *wake* the *rising* flowers,
When opening buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray.

The Hours are certainly introduced in this Ode, in the sense described, and so pleasingly illustrated by Mr. Wakefield; yet the *train of Venus* irresistibly carries us back to those ancient festivals of Spring, when *Venus* had a *train* of mortal virgins, the idea of which appears to be somewhat mingled in the thought of Gray. Our readers may refer to Horace, Ode 4, lib. i, and Ode 7, lib. iv, where he will find the passages thus severally translated by Mr. Boscawen.

By the mild moon's propitious light,
Blithe Venus leads her sportive choir;
Her Graces and gay nymphs unite;
Weave the light dance, or wake the lyre.

The graceful nymphs, unawed by conscious fear,
In native beauty lead the festive choir.

POLITE LITERATURE.

The *prose* of Goldsmith has been sufficiently analyzed, but his *poetry* has not hitherto undergone a complete scrutiny upon liberal principles, and by a competent critick. The poems of Goldsmith have been always perused with wonder and delight. On their first appearance they were liberally praised, and JOHNSON gave his suffrage in their favour. But a minute criticism was reserved until now. Dr. Aikin within a very short period has published a critical dissertation on the poetry of our authour. This essay is written with so much truth and elegance that we should be unjust to the merit both of its authour and his subject if we did not contribute to extend its circulation. We think the style of Dr. Aikin resembles Goldsmith's best manner. What Dr. Aikin appropriately calls a *survey* of the principal pieces of our authour, is executed with uncommon ability. The whole article we are confident, will be perused with equal pleasure and instruction.

ON THE POETRY OF DR. GOLDSMITH.

Among those false opinions which, having once obtained currency, have been adopted without examination, may be reckoned the prevalent notion, that, notwithstanding the improvement of this country, in many species of literary composition, its poetical character has been on the decline ever since the supposed Augustan age of the beginning of this [the 18th] century. No one poet, it is true, has fully succeeded to the laurel of Dryden or Pope; but if, without prejudice, we compare the minor poets of the present age (*minor*, I mean, with respect to the *quantity*, not the *quality* of their productions), with those of any former period, we shall, I am convinced, find them greatly superiour, not only in taste and correctness, but in every other point of poetical excellence. The works of many late and present writers might be confidently appealed to in proof of this assertion; but it will suffice to instance the authour who is the subject of the present Essay; and I cannot for a moment hesitate to place the name of GOLDSMITH as a poet, above that of *Addison*, *Parnell*, *Tickel*, *Congreve*, *Lansdown*, or any of those who fill the greater part of the voluminous collection of the *English Poets*. Of these, the main body has obtained a prescriptive right to the honour of classical writers; while their works, ranged on the shelves, as necessary appendages to a modern library, are rarely taken down, and contribute very little to the stock of literary amusement. Whereas the pieces of Goldsmith are our familiar companions, and supply passages for recollection, when our minds are either composed to moral reflection, or warmed by strong emotions and elevated conceptions. There is, I acknowledge, much of habit and accident in the attachments we form to particular writers; yet I have little doubt that if the lovers of English poetry were confined to a small selection of authours, Goldsmith would find a place in the favourite list of a great majority. And it is, I think, with much justice, that a great modern critick has regarded this concurrence of publick favour, as one of the least equivocal tests of

uncommon merit. Some kinds of excellence, it is true, will more readily be recognized than others, and this will not always be in proportion to the degree of mental power employed in the respective productions: but he who obtains general and lasting applause in any work of art, must have happily executed a design judiciously formed. This remark is of fundamental consequence, in estimating the poetry of Goldsmith; because it will enable us to hold the balance steady, when it might be disposed to incline to the superiour claims of a style of loftier pretension and more brilliant reputation.

Compared with many poets of deserved eminence, Goldsmith will appear characterized by his *simplicity*. In his language will be found few of those figures which are supposed *of themselves* to constitute poetry ;—no violent transpositions ; no uncommon meanings and constructions ; no epithets drawn from abstract and remote ideas ; no coinage of new words by the ready mode of turning nouns into verbs ; no bold prosepopœia, or audacious metaphor :—it scarcely contains an expression which might not be used in eloquent and descriptive prose. It is replete with imagery ; but that imagery is drawn from obvious sources, and rather enforces the simple idea, than dazzles by new and unexpected ones. It rejects not common words and phrases ; and, like the language of Dryden and Otway, is thereby rendered the more forcible and pathetick. It is eminently nervous and concise ; and hence affords numerous passages which dwell on the memory. With respect to his matter, it is taken from human life, and the objects of nature. It does not body forth things unknown, and create new beings. Its humbler purpose is, to represent manners and characters as they really exist ; to impress strongly on the heart moral and political sentiments; and to fill the imagination with a variety of pleasing or affecting objects selected from the stores of nature. If this be not the highest department of poetry, it has the advantage of being the most universally agreeable. To receive delight from the sublime fictions of Milton, the allegories of Spencer, the learning of Gray, and the fancy of Collins, the mind must have been prepared by a course of particular study ; and perhaps, at a certain period of life, when the judgment exercises a severer scrutiny over the sallies of the imagination, the relish for artificial beauties will always abate, if not entirely desert us. But at every age, and with every degree of culture, correct and well-chosen representations of nature must please. We admire them when young; we recur to them when old ; and they charm us till nothing longer can charm. Further, in forming a scale of excellence for artists, we are not only to consider who works upon the noblest design, but who fills his design best. It is, in reality, but a poor excuse for a slovenly performer, to say, " *magnis tamen excidit ausis*," and the addition of one master-piece of any kind to the stock of art, is a greater benefit than that of a thousand abortive and mis-shapen wonders.

If Goldsmith then be referred to the class of *descriptive poets*, including the description of moral, as well as of physical nature, it will next be important to inquire by what means he has attained the rank of a master in his class. Let us then observe, how he has selected, combined, and contrasted his objects, with what truth and strength of colouring he has expressed them, and to what end and purpose.

As poetry and eloquence do not describe by an exact enumeration of every circumstance, it is necessary to *select* certain particulars, which may excite a sufficiently distinct image of the thing to be represented. In this *selection*, the great art is to give *characteristick marks*, whereby the object may at once be recognized without being obscured in a mass of common properties, which belong equally to many others. Hence the great superiority of *parti-*

cular images, to *general* ones in description: the former identify, while the latter disguise. Thus, all the hackneyed representations of the country, in the works of ordinary versifiers, in which groves, and rills, and flowery meads, are introduced just as the rhyme and measure require, present nothing to the fancy but an indistinct daub of colouring, in which all the diversity of nature is lost and confounded. To catch the discriminating features, and present them bold and prominent, by few, but decisive strokes, is the talent of a master; and it will not be easy to produce a superiour to Goldsmith in this respect. The mind is never in doubt as to the meaning of his figures, nor does it languish over the survey of trivial and unappropriate circumstances. All is alive---all is filled—yet all is clear.

The proper *combination* of objects refers to the impression they are calculated to make on the mind, and requires that they should harmonize, and reciprocally enforce and sustain each other's effect. They should unite in giving one leading tone to the imagination; and without a sameness of form, they should blend in a uniformity of hue. This, too, has very successfully been attended to by Goldsmith, who has not only sketched his single figures with truth and spirit, but has combined them into the most harmonious and expressive groups. Nor has any descriptive poet better understood the great force of *contrast*, in setting off his scenes, and preventing any approach to wearisomeness by repetition of kindred objects. And, with great skill he has contrived that both parts of his contrast should conspire in producing one intended moral effect. Of all these excellencies, examples will be pointed out as we take a cursory view of the particular pieces.

In addition to the circumstances already noted, the *force* and *clearness* of representation depend also on the diction.

(To be Continued)

BIOGRAPHY.

Sir William Trumbull.

Sir William Trumbull, son of W. Trumbull, esq. clerk of the signet, and grandson of W. Trumbull, esq. agent at Brussels for James I. and Charles I. and clerk of the privy council. His maternal grandfather, Mr. Weekerlin,* Latin secretary to Charles I. instructed him in the rudiments of the Latin and French languages; he was afterwards sent to Oakingham school; and thence as a gentleman commoner to St. John's College, Oxford. His studies there were interrupted for some time by his going to travel on the continent, where he was much noticed by the lords Sunderland, Godolphin, and Sidney, and also Dr. Compton, afterwards bishop of London. On his return home, having obtained necessary degrees, he practised in Doctors' Commons. The frugality of his father's allowance, and his own marriage, urged him to great exertions in his profession, which were amply rewarded, particularly after the death of sir W. Walker. His first publick appointment was that of judge advocate at Tangier, and he succeeded to the clerkship of the signet, in 1682, by a reversionary grant on Sir P. Warwick's death. He refused going to Ireland as secretary. Charles II. knighted him, Nov. 1, 1684, and made him clerk of the deliveries of ordnance stores. James II. in 1685, sent him as envoy extraordinary to France, but he very reluctantly accepted the employment, with a pension of 200*l.* instead of the forenamed place. The oppression which the French protestants suffered was so extremely repugnant to the feelings of Sir William, that he openly condemned it; this circumstance created mutual disgust between the King of France and himself; he was therefore recalled, and sent as Embassadour to the Ottoman court in 1687; in this situation he was found by king William, who continued him in it by a

* See Granger, vol. II. p. 282, 2d Edit. 8vo.

new appointment at the commencement of his reign.* On his return from Constantinople, which journey he performed principally by land, and great part of it on foot, he was made successively a commissioner of the treasury, privy councellor, and secretary of state. He was also governour of the Hudson's Bay and Turkey companies, and sat in several parliaments for different places, particularly for the university of Oxford in 1695. The experienced diplomatist, who well knew the tedium of negotiation, said to king William upon a certain occasion, "do not Sir, send embassies to Italy, but a fleet into the Mediterranean." Retiring from publick life to East-Hamsted, in Berkshire, he there past the remainder of his days in literary leisure, It was here that his acquaintance with Pope, whose near residence at Bindfield was favourable to their intercourse, commenced, which, to their mutual honour and happiness, continued without interruption till Sir William's death in 1716. On this occasion the poet took leave of his patron with a laudable decorum, by writing an epitaph for his monument; which, though it cannot stand the test of Johnson's criticism, he undoubtedly laboured with great care, having adopted in the compass of twelve lines almost every topick of encomium that could excite love, veneration, or esteem, for the memory of his departed friend. As one of the most eminent civilians of his day, as a critick in ancient and modern languages, and as an unblemished statesman, Sir William Trumbull will ever be revered. In 1699, Michell Le Vassor, a French protestant, dedicated to him his translation of the letters and memoirs of Francisco de Vargas, relative to the Council of Trent: in which he bears ho-

* As the form of a state document of this kind between a Christian and a Mahometan sovereign is a sort of curiosity, it is here transcribed from the original instrument, which is finely written, partly in gold letters, on a sheet of vellum, illuminated with the arms of Great Britain, and the different quarterings properly emblazoned in the margin, and signed with the king's own hand; now (1806) in the possession of Mr. Bindley.

William the Third, by the grace of God, king of great Britain, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, To the most high and mighty prince Sultan Soliman Kan, emperour of the Eastern Nations, sole and supreme monarch of the Mussulman kingdom, health and true happinesse. Most high and mighty prince, it having pleased Almighty God, by whom kings reigne, to exalt us to the imperial throne of these kingdomes by a free consent of the states of both our realmes of England and Scotland, and wee having been solemnly inaugurated together with our royal consort the queen, the friendship and good correspondence which hath continued for so many yeares between our and your royall predecessors, and the particular esteeme wee have for your Majesty's person, whose princely vertues are published throughout the world, oblige us to give your Majestie this early intimation of our elevation to the regall dignity, as also to assure your Majestie that wee shall on our part be sincere and constant in observing, and causing to be observed, the several articles and capitulations mutually agreed and concluded on for the benefitt and advantage of the subjects of both our dominions. And wee promise ourselves, from your great justice and wisdom, the like exactness in the performance of all that you have consented to by the said capitulationsand treatys, and that our subjects shall all wayes find your royall protection and encouragement to carry on that trade and commerce which hath so long subsisted and flourished in your dominions, to the great benefitt of our subjects on both sides. And further, wee recommend unto you the person of our ambassadour, sir William Trumbull, whom wee have thought fit to continue in the same employment in our name; having a confidence in his prudence and fidelity; that he will acquit himself in all things as becomes his character, to whom wee desire your Imperial Majestie to give full credence in whatsoever he shall impart to your Majestie, your Vizier Azem, or any of your Majestie's Officers. And so, high and mighty prince, wee humbly beseech the one great and omnipotent God to preserve you in health and happiness, and to send you a speedy issue out of so long a war by an honourble and lasting peace.—Given at our court at Whitehall, the sixth day of June, in the yeare of our Lord one thousand six hundred eighty-nine, in the first year of our Reigne.

Your most affectionate friend,

WILLIAM R.

nourable testimony to Sir William's zealous endeavours to assist the distressed protestant interest, both at home and abroad. The Spanish originals, which were in Sir William's library, having been obtained by his grandfather during his residence at Brussels; most probably a part of cardinal Granvelle's collections, which were left behind in that country. The beautiful and accomplished Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Charles Cotterel, master of the ceremonies, was his first wife, who accompanied him in his embassies. She dying July 8th, 1704, he married in his old age Judith, daughter of Henry Alexander, fourth earl of Sterling, by whom he had Judith, who died in infancy; and W. Trumbull, Esq. whose daughter and sole heir, Mary, marrying with the honourable Col. Martin Sandys, carried a large property into that family.

For The Port Folio.

Life of Dr. Johnson.

(*Continued from page* 329.)

In 1756, he undertook to superintend, and contributed largely to a monthly publication, entitled The Literary Magazine and Universal Review; and he wrote for it without intermission, till the fifteenth number, during which time he was drawn into several controversies, by the severity of his criticisms. In the same year, he issued proposals of considerable length for his edition of Shakspeare, with notes; and his anticipated activity was so great, that he promised the work should be completed by Christmas, 1757, though it did not make its appearance till seven years after that period.

In 1757, it does not appear that he wrote anything of consequence; but on the 15th of April 1758, he began the Idler, which appeared every Saturday, in a weekly newspaper, called The Universal Chronicle. The essays were 103 in number, of which twelve only were contributed by his friends. Of these numbers 33, 93, and 96, were written by Mr. Warton, number 67, by Mr. Langton, and numbers 76, 79, and 82, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. When the Idler was completed, Johnson added the Essay on Epitaphs, the Dissertation on those of Pope, and an Essay on the Bravery of the English common soldiers. The Idler is allowed to possess more variety of real life, and greater facility of language, but less body and spirit than the Rambler.

In January 1759, his mother died at the advanced age of ninety. He had not seen her for many years previous to her last illness, though he had often impoverished himself to contribute to her support.—When he heard of her confinement he was anxious to repair to Litchfield to pay her the last offices of his filial duty, but he had no money to defray his carriage: he therefore finished his tale of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, for which Mr. Johnson, the bookseller, very liberally give him 100*l*. With this supply he set off, but did not arrive in time to close the eyes of his beloved parent. He told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he composed Rasselas in the evenings of one week, sent it to the press in portions as it was written, and never afterwards read it. When it passed through a second edition, Mr. Johnson made him a present of an additional 25*l*.

When he was engaged upon the Idler, he found it necessary to retrench his expenses, and quitting his house in Gough-square, he retired first to Gray's Inn, and afterwards to Inner Temple Lane, "where he lived," says Mr. Murphy, "in poverty, total idleness, and the pride of literature." Mr. Fitzherbert, the father of Lord St. Helen's, used to say, that he once paid him a morning visit at his chambers, intending to send a letter to the city, but he found this authour by profession without pen, ink, or paper.—In 1762, however, his fortune suddenly changed, and no longer left him to struggle against the inconveniencies of a precarious subsistence. The King granted him a pension of 300*l*. per annum, as a recom-

pense for the excellence of his writings and the benefit of their moral tendency.

Being now possessed of a comparative independency, he left the Temple, took a house in Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, and formed a new weekly club, among the members of which were Mr. Edmund Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other distinguished characters. He also formed a connexion in 1763 with Mr. Boswell, and continued to live with him in the greatest intimacy for the remainder of his life. In 1765, while enjoying his comfortable state of independence, he met with another resource, which contributed more than any other circumstance to exempt him from the solicitudes of life:—he was introduced to the family of the late Mr. Thrale.

(To be Continued.)

CRITICISM.

For The Port Folio.

Mr. Oldschool,

I was lately induced, on seeing Carr's Travels highly praised in The Port Folio, to turn to my common-place-book where I had written about two years ago, the following review of that gentleman's Northern Summer. As my sentiments differ from those of your correspondent, I have sent them to you to be published if you think proper; if not, I pray you to *notice* this communication in no other way than by burning it.

A short review of Mr. now, Sir John Carr's Northern Summer.

This is an account of the authour's travels through the north of Europe, and many of the events he relates are interesting, although not new: the incidental details are often trifling and sometimes foolish. He views every object with the prejudiced eye of an Englishman, calling whatever he sees that pleases him, by the high sounding name of *English:* thus if a Prussian has a good farm and seems easy in his circumstances, he is supposed to be a phenomenon on the continent, and his husbandry complimented with the Epithet *English;* If a hotel be tolerable, it is likened to those of his own country, or is most certainly kept by his compatriot; while those conducted by persons who have not had the felicity of being rocked in an English cradle, are dirty and detestable. Mr. Carr extols the culinary skill of his fellow-islanders, classing the cookery of some itenerant roaster and boiler, before the exquisite art of the French!!

His description of the Russian Capital is by far the most interesting part of his book. The anecdotes of that court, although told before, by men of great observation and truth, with circumstances extremely different from those he relates, are nevertheless pleasing and instructive. Kotzebue and several French travellers have given to the world in much superiour language, nearly, if not all Mr. Carr was able to collect for the British reader.

This gentleman's style is verbose, affected, and often obscure.—As a specimen I will transcribe the following:

"Our Skipper was lying at the feet of a good-natured brawny girl, who was a passenger; his head was on her lap, just as Goliah sometime since rested his head in that of Delilah; but the fingers of our fair companion were more kindly employed than were those of the woman of the valley of Sorek. The Skipper had no comb, perhaps never heard of such a thing, and this kind-hearted creature was sedulously consigning with a humane, because an instantaneous, destruction of sensation in every vital part by an equal and forcible pressure, every restless disturber of his peace in that region, which most assuredly must be, though Doctors may dispute the point, the seat of reason."

How many words are here to describe a disgusting circumstance, no doubt as common in the sea port towns of England as in those of Swe-

den.—Do people leave their homes to pick up such vulgar occurrences? why did not Mr. Carr give us a page upon the manner in which cows ruminate, or the leaves expand in those Northern climates? If circumstances common to all countries must be Journalized, let him select the most pleasing; or if determined upon rendering a faithful account of *every* thing he meets, let him tell us in *one* line instead of *thirteen*, that a peasant girl was looking a sailor's head.

Again. "These many-eyed marauders, with their Gossamer wing and incessant hum, opposed the approach of sleep, and fairly kept her aloof for two long dreary hours. Weary, yet incapable of repose, something was to be done. I resolved upon revenge, and accordingly made an irritable effort to surprise three of my enemies, who in a row were audaciously washing their little slender black hands upon one of mine."

This gentleman proceeds to tell us that he did not catch these flies! how worthy of record! a traveller is incommoded by musketoes or other insects, in the months of July and August, and he notes their stings in his diary for the information of those who are suffering the same inconvenience at home! This he must register to fill up his volume, although it should prove him an awkward fly-catcher. In truth, it is imposing upon an indulgent publick to print such trash. If many parts of these travels were not somewhat better, I should wonder at an American's republishing them in Philadelphia. It is a pity they had not been abridged: An Epitome would have edified more, and tired less.

Mr. Carr, who paints diffusively his own conceits, is pedantically fond of quoting. How pleasing it would have been to the reader if he had imitated the style of some of the beautiful authours he cites. He gives, for instance a description by *Addison*, the purest writer among the British Classicks, viz. in the words of that excellent man: "When I see Kings lying by those who deposed them; when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be cotemporaries, and make our appearance together."

This is comprehensive. The soundest philosophy is exprest in the plainest language. But had the same ideas occured to Mr. Carr, it seems to me we should have had them from his pen thus:

When I behold, with astonished eyes, deposed Kings lying by the side of those who tore their diadems from their bleeding brows; when I consider the sparkling genius of a Johnson reposing in awful silence by the side of the once glowing, but now dumb spirit of a Shakspeare, or the learned Theologians that rent the world asunder by their scholastick sophisms, I reflect with heart-felt grief and wonder on the puerile disputes of man. When I run over the various dates of the sepulchral register, of some that went but to day, and others centuries back, I contemplate with fearful reverence, that sacred hour when we shall all be called as cotemporaries before the August presence of omnipotence itself.

Pages might be copied from his book, as affected, trifling, and turgid as those I have selected. There must be a dearth of men disposed to print their remarks upon foreign countries, else this writer could not have disposed of four volumes, the result of four trips from England to the nations in her neighbourhood; and to have been distinguished for these important literary labours, by the honour of Knighthood; an honour that Dryden, Addison, Pope, or Johnson, and a thousand other superiour geniuses, never arrived at. ALEXIS.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

True Politeness.

Politeness is a just medium between formality and rudeness; it is in fact, good nature regulated by quick discernment, which proportions itself to every situation, and every character; it is a restraint laid by reason and benevolence on every irregularity of temper, of appetite, and passion. It accommodates itself to the fantastick laws of custom and fashion, as long as they are not inconsistent with the higher obligations of virtue and religion.

To give efficacy and grace to politeness, it must be accompanied with some degree of taste, as well as delicacy; and although its foundation must be rooted in the heart, it is not perfect without a knowledge of the world.

In society, it is the happy medium which blends the most discordant natures; it imposes silence on the loquacious, and inclines the most reserved to furnish their share of conversation; it represses the despicable, but common ambition of being the most prominent character in the scene; it increases the general desire of being mutually agreeable; takes off the offensive edge of raillery, and gives delicacy to wit; it preserves subordination, and reconciles ease with propriety; like other valuable qualities, its value is best estimated when it is absent.

No greatness can awe it into servility, no intimacy sink it into coarse familiarity; to superiours, it is respectful freedom, to inferiours, it is unassuming good-nature, to equals, everything that is charming; studying, anticipating, and attending to all things, yet at the same time apparently disengaged and careless.

Such is true politeness, by people of wrong heads and unworthy hearts disgraced in its two extremes, and by the generality of mankind confined within the narrow bounds of mere good breeding, which is only one branch of it.

ELEGIACK STANZAS,

By the late Thomas Dermody.

To pleasure's wiles an easy prey,
Beneath this sod a bosom lies,
Yet, spare the meek offender's clay,
Nor part with dry averted eyes.

O, stranger, if thy wayward lot
Through Folly's heedless maze has led,
Here nurse the true, the tender thought,
And fling the wild flower on his head.

For he, by this cold hillock clad,
Where tall grass twines the pointed stone,
Each gentlest balm of feeling had,
To sooth all sorrow but his own.

For he, by tuneful Fancy reared,
(Though ever dumb, he sleeps below!)
The stillest sigh of Anguish heard,
And gave a tear for every wo.

O, place his dear harp by his side!
His harp, alas! his only hoard,
The fairy breeze, at even-tide,
Will, trembling, kiss each weeping chord.

Oft on yon crested cliff he stood,
When misty twilight streamed around,
To mark the slowly-heaving flood,
And catch the deep wave's sullen sound.

Oft when the rosy dawn was seen,
'Mid blue to gild the blushing steep,
He marked, o'er yonder margent green,
The curling cloud of fragrance sweep.

Oft did he pause the lark to hear,
With speckled wing the skies explore;
Oft paused to see the slow flock near:
But he shall see or hear no more!

Then stranger! be his foibles lost;
At such small foibles Virtue smiled:
Few was their number, large their cost,
For he was Nature's orphan-child.

The graceful drop of Pity spare,
(To him the bright drop once belonged;)
Well, well his doom deserves thy care,
Much, much he suffered, much was wronged.

When taught by life its pangs to know,
Ah! as thou roam'st the checkered gloom,
Bid the sweet night-bird's numbers flow,
And the last sun-beam light his tomb.

—

A pleasant reply made by lord Tyrawley to a Lisbon merchant, who was complaining how very much the balance of trade was against his countrymen, in their commercial intercourse with Great Britain.

"The whole of our bullion is carried to England," concluded the Portuguese, I believe a Mr. Solomon da Costa, "and as long as this continues to be the case, we cannot but be a poor and miserable people."

"I can point out to you an easy way of preventing it," replied the noble lord. "How?" "Never eat, and wear no clothes."

This hint, said an ingenious relater of lord Tyrawley's reply, might be usefully applied in most cases of deranged finance, whether publick or private; one dish and one coat, instead of ten, will, in most instances, be found a sovereign remedy for this species of *complaint in the chest*, in the present day so generally prevalent.

—

ORPHEUS,

From the Spanish of Quevedo.

When Orpheus lost his wife,
As th' ancient stories tell,
He sought her in the proper place,
For he went down to hell.

They say that he went singing,
And I believe the thing,
For since he was a widower,
Pure joy would make him sing.

He mov'd rocks, stones, and mountains,
His harmony was such,
But had his song been bad, he would
Have moved them just as much.

The damned forgot their torments
When he his tale began,
For no one could complain, who saw
So mad a married man.

But though his voice persuaded
The god to his intent,
When Pluto gave him back his wife
It was for punishment.

Yet even then, in pity,
Two laws old Pluto made;
To take his wife, and not look back—
Both hard to be obeyed.

Then Orpheus, the foremost,
Went up from that abode;
For women always lead the way,
When we go down that road:

I know not if, on purpose,
He wisely turned his sight;
But if 'twas chance, he lost his wife;
And so, by chance, was right.

Full happy is the husband
From wedlock once set free!
But he, who twice escapes so well,
A lucky man is he!

—

Alarmist, a new-coined but not inexpressive word, applied to certain modern politicians, who, from the commencement of the revolution in France, have considered it as an object in the highest degree interesting and formidable to the internal happiness and external prosperity of Great Britain, as well from geographical position, and the principles which gave it birth, as from the electrical enthusiasm, and ardent passion for fraternization which have generally accompanied it.

As an Englishman, and a lover of my country, I agree that of two evils, unnecessary alarm, or torpid indifference, the first is by far the safest, and attended with inconveniencies more easily remedied.

To cry out before we are hurt, to teaze ourselves, our friends, and half the country, by groundless apprehensions, unfounded jealousies, and a half-way system between espionage and coercion, is, it must be confessed, an unneighbourly and unchari-

table office; but, that careless negligence, and fatal thoughtlessness, which sees not, or will not see, calamity till overwhelmed by it, and takes no precaution against the plunderer, and the assassin, until his dagger is in our vitals, must end in irretrievable ruin.

I am ready to make ample allowance for fear, excited by undeniable or probable danger, yet I cannot but reprobate that uncandid spirit and unceasing suspicion which attends it, that tendency to nick-names and opprobrious epithets, *at a certain time*, so prevalent among us, and indiscriminately directed against every man who presumed to censure publick measures, or ventured to hint that any thing could be amended in the theory or practice of the English constitution.

The delicate sensibility of those gentlemen who oppose reform in every shape, has been compared to the prohibition with respect to the ark, that ark *once* in the possession of the children of Israel, "*He who toucheth it shall surely die.*"

It was not ill said by a republican alarmist, one of the members of the Gallick Convention, in reply to Legendre, who, while he acknowledged the warm patriotism of his associate (I believe Bentabole) could not help blaming his unceasing terrours and suspicions; "I tremble," replied Bentabole to his friend, "I tremble for the republick, as a lover for the object of his affections."

According to this theory, his Grace of Portland, Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord Rosselyn and Mr. Wyndham, are the fondest of swains; Mr. Burke, a ranting Romeo; and Messrs. Bowles, Gifford, and Arthur Young the most distracted of lovers.

Others have compared the conduct of alarmists to that of a debauchee, who flatters the foibles, and indulges the weak propensities of the virgin he means to seduce; after having imposed on her understanding, he finds it no difficult task to corrupt the purity of her mind, awakens her passions, triumphs over her chastity, and riots in her charms.

[*Lounger's Commonplace Book.*

Annihilation, far preferable to everlasting punishment; yet a late writer is of a different opinion.

Describing the heroine of her tale, as suffering under the agitations of love, on its first accession, she thus proceeds: "The walks were melancholy, and the company insipid, every thing seemed altered, but it was herself who was changed; yet, though she found herself less happy, she felt, that to enjoy the happiness she had lost, she would not again be reduced to the being she was before.

"Thus does the lover consider the extinction of his passion, with the same horrour, *as the libertine looks upon annihilation;* the one would rather live hereafter, though in eternal punishment, than cease to exist."

Nothing can be more opposite to fact, feeling, and every day's experience; I never yet knew a wicked man, and I have had intercourse with a few in my time, who would not merely have preferred a state of non-existence to everlasting punishment, or even the awful risk of it, but have earnestly and eagerly desired it.

It is precisely on this principle that ancient and modern freethinkers have persuaded, or have endeavoured to persuade themselves of the mortality of the human soul.

MOUNTAINEERS.

"O, Sir," said a valet to his master; "I have something to tell you, which I am sure will do your heart good; the Genevese gentleman, you know, Mr. Bertrand, has at last found, and released, and obtained, the liberty of his old servant, poor Antonio, who having been presumed *guilty*, had been condemned to hard labour at Caserta.—I really do imagine, Sir, that there is something in the air of mountainous countries, exceed-

ingly favourable to kindness of heart.—I have heard several travellers declare, that they had met with more hospitality in a short tour in the highlands of Scotland, than in their journies over all Flanders, and the low countries, although the last are as full of populous towns, as the former is of mountains."

"This Bertrand, is a citizen of Geneva, whose territories are not mountainous;" said the master, smiling.

"Your honour, will be pleased to remember," replied the valet, "that Geneva is situated by a fine lake, just as the village of Buchanan is by Loch Lomond; and there are mountains at no great distance from both."

MERRIMENT.

An Irish paper observes that the best mode to *prevent* school boys from being drowned, is to take care that they be not suffered *to go into the water.*

—

The proprietor of a stage-coach at Oxford, infected with the classical enthusiasm, which pervades that celebrated seat of the Muses, has affixed to his vehicles a recommendation from Martial "*Ride, si sapis.*"

—

A publican's reasons for not permitting card playing in his house.

You amused yourselves all last night with *All Fours*, but I am determined to *Putt* up with it no longer. What is worse than all the rest, you even *Brag* that you have not been in the bed all night. Gentlemen, I like to *laugh and lay down*, as well as any of you, but I can see no reason, why I am to sit up till the dawn, and not have a *single deal* in *Matrimony*. You are all *knaves*, from the *highest* to the *lowest* of you, and you must not think to make *game* of me in this manner. By such *tricks* as these you will forfeit all your *honours*, and dig your graves with your own *spades*. If your pockets were full of *diamonds* you are within an *ace* of ruining yourselves. In short, you deserve to be well *clubbed* for having the *heart* to treat me in this manner, and the *curse of Scotland* attend you; for the *Deuce* take me, if I will bear it any longer, but will *drive the Knaves out of Doors.*

—

The late Sam. Foote could say anything of any body, or to any body. When he was once at Lord K's. table, a gentleman present complained that the beer was rather cold;—"Get his lordship to dip his nose into the tankard," said Foote, "and if he keeps it there half a minute, and the beer does not boil, it must be *fire-proof.*"

—

A man having been capitally convicted at the Old-Bailey, was, as usual, asked what he had to say why judgment of death should not pass against him? "Say!" replied he, "why I think the joke has been carried far enough already, and the less that is said about it the better—if you please, my lord, we'll drop the subject."

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